



My old Soul, will you buy a Bowl ?

O Had I but a genius kin  
 As that Apollo gives  
 A taste so apt, so odd, so singl  
 As thine, for ever on the jing  
 Hence should it be the Mue  
 To sing thee and thy wooden  
 But tell me who can vie with  
 In the sweet walk of poetry ?  
 Thy mighty power's so  
 rhyming,  
 Whate'er we say, thou  
 chime in,  
 While with thy ware, ft  
 poking  
 About the Streets, thou'rt ev